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ST STEPHEN'S

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Mary
ST STEPHEN'S

Story

A Poem

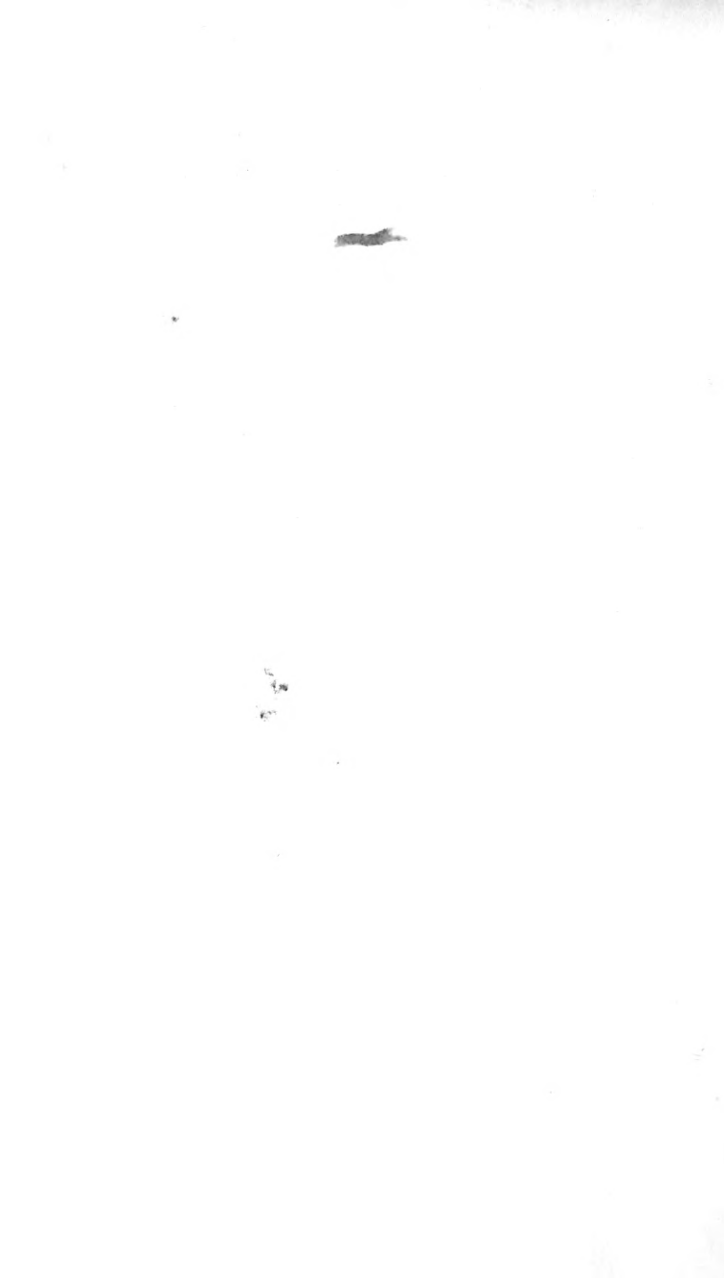
By Andrew Lytle

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TO

L O R D L Y N D H U R S T

IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED

AN ATTEMPT

NOT ONLY TO ILLUSTRATE VARIETIES IN THAT ART
OF WHICH HE IS THE SERENEST AND MOST ACCOMPLISHED MASTER.

BUT ALSO TO RENDER TO THE DEAD
SOMETHING OF THAT DISPASSIONATE JUSTICE WHICH
INVESTS WITH JUDICIAL AUTHORITY HIS OWN

ELOQUENT OPINIONS ON THE EVENTS

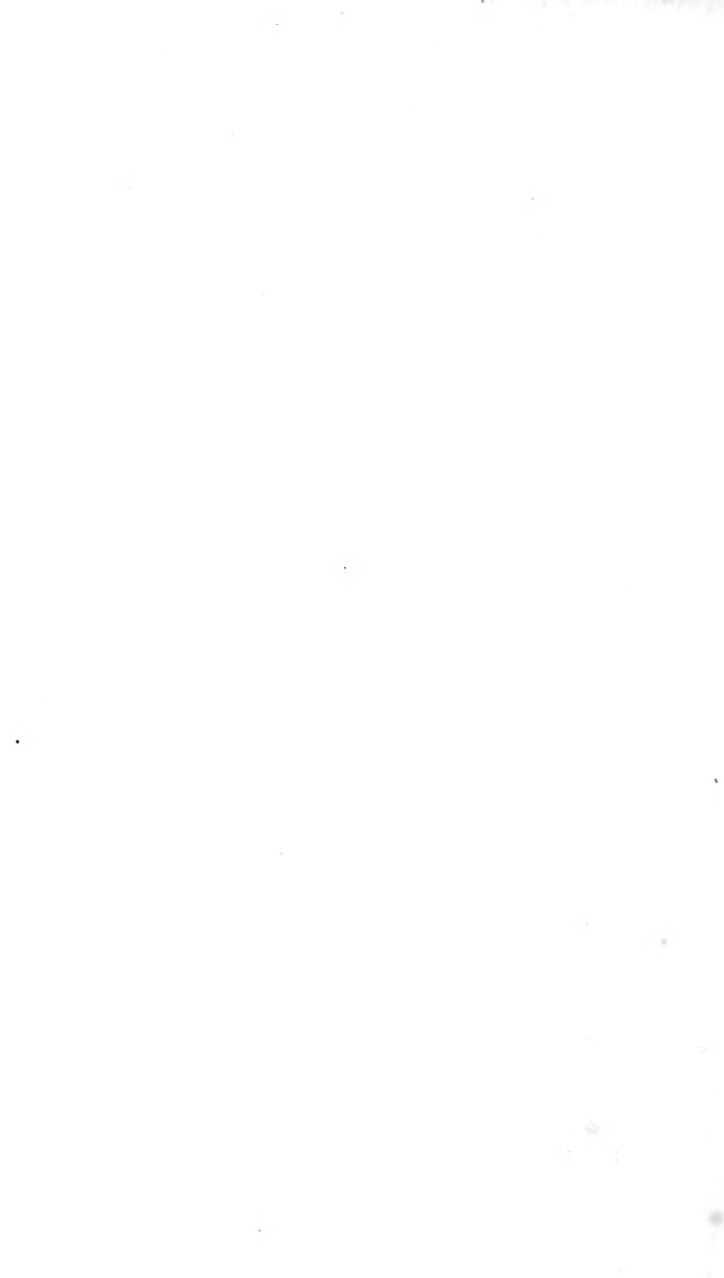
THAT AGITATE THE LIVING.

March 1860.

550506



PART FIRST



ST STEPHEN'S.

PART FIRST.

WHEN frank-eyed War with Love stood hand in
hand,

And cities oped on lonely Faeryland,

Song was the voice most faithful to the time,

And England spoke in CHAUCER's lusty rhyme.

Thus long ere yet the Orator is known,

Each age demands an utterance all its own ;

Now thrills in carols wise without a rule,

Now fires a camp, and now dictates a school.

But not till warring thoughts mature their strife,
Till some slow people swell to stormy life,
And, lost the inert hereditary awe,
Exact a reason where imposed a law,—
Not till the right to argue truth be won,
The heart of many fires the lips of one ;
Then the great Art which sways this age of ours,
Stands forth as Justice 'midst conflicting powers,
And, lest the foe of all, Brute Force, prevail,
Leans on the sword, while proffering but the scale.

What causes first in English halls combined
To free the voice?—those which first freed the
mind.

In Eastern tales, a fond enchanter's care
Immures in rock a giant child of air ;
By its own growth the genius wears away
The yielding stone, and nears its native day ;

Till through pale fissures rushes in the storm,
And from the granite whirlwinds lift the form ;—
So forth soar'd Reason from the cells of Rome,
Rapt on the blasts that rent her prison-home ;
And her own pinions, in their angry flight
Cast shadow down while sailing up to light.
Then man, tormented with a glorious grief,
Scared by the space that spreads round unbelief,
Sought still to reconcile the earth and sky,
And to his trouble came Philosophy.
She came, as came from Jove a Prophet-Dream,
Mid Night's last shade and Morning's earliest
beam,
And in weird parables of coming things
Show'd truth to seers, but boded woe to kings.

Forms that hem round this social state of Man
Are so by custom blended into plan,

That thro' one chink if some bold footstep steals,
Each fence is loosed, and all the structure reels.
Hark, BACON speaks ! and walls, with which the
 wise
Had belted Nature, vanish ; startled eyes
Explore a bound, and skies expand on skies.
Faith thus dislodged from ancient schools and creeds,
Question to question, doubt to doubt succeeds—
Clouds gathering flame for thunders soon to be,
And glass'd on SHAKESPEARE as upon a sea.
Each guess of others into worlds unknown
Shakespeare revolves, but guards conceal'd his
 own—
As in the Infinite hangs poised his thought,
Surveying all things, and asserting nought.

And now, transferr'd from singer and from sage,
Stands in full day the Spirit of the Age—

INQUIRY!—She, so coy when first pursued
In her own ancient arduous solitude,
Seized by the crowd, and dragg'd before their bar,
Changes her shape, and towers transform'd to War;
Inscribes a banner, flings it to the gales—
Cries, “ I am Truth, and Truth, when arm'd, pre-
vails.”

Up leaps the zealot—Zeal must clear her way,
And fell the forests that obscure the day.
To guard the Bible flashes forth the sword,
And Cromwell rides, the servant of the Lord.
Twin-born with Freedom, then with her took breath
That Art whose dying will be Freedom's death.
From Thought's fierce clash, in lightning broke the
word ;

Ungagg'd at last the Isle's strong Man was heard :
Still in their sheaths the direful swords repose ;
Voice may yet warn : The ORATOR arose !

Founders of England's slow-built eloquence—
Truth's last adornment as her first defence—
Pass—but as shadows ! Nevermore again
May the land need, yet reel beneath, such men !
Lo, where from haunted floors the phantoms
rise,
Pale through the mists which cleared for us the
skies,
There, but one moment lingering in the hall,
The earliest, hardest Orator of all,
Young ELIOT wanes upon the verge of War,
As day, in redd'ning, slays its own bright star.
There flits by WALLER of the silvery tongue,
And faith as ductile as the lyre he strung.
There, wise to warn, yet impotent to guide,
And sad with foresight, moves the solemn HYDE.
Mark in the front, fit leader of the van,
Yon large, imperfect, necessary Man ;

With all the zeal a cause conflicting needs,
And all the craft by which the cause succeeds ;
Iron as Ludlow, yet as Villiers trim,
'Twixt saint and sinner—Atlas-shoulder'd Pym.

Behind, pure, chill, and lonely as a star,
Ruthless as angels, when destroying, are,
Sits VANE, and dreams Utopian isles to be,
While swells the storm, and sea but spreads on
 sea ;
Still in a mirage he discerns a shore,
And acts with Hampden from belief in More.

Nor less alone, nor less a dreamer, there
Wan FALKLAND looks through space with gloomy
 stare,
Pondering that question which no wise man's voice
Ever solved yet to guide the brave man's choice,

When the dread Present, as on an abyss,
Splits, in two paths, the frowning precipice—
That, to lost towers which tides already overwhelm ;
This, through dark gorges to an unknown realm ;
Hard to decide ! each future has its crime ;
Each past its wreck : here, how control the time ?
There how rekindle dust ? Between the two,
At least choose quick. Life is the verb “To do !”
What makes the huge wall crash before the course
Of the slight ball ? Accelerated force !

Ponderest thou still, while murder fills the stage,
And the ghost beck, O Hamlet of thine age ?
“The scholar's, soldier's glass !”—glass clearer still,
Of worth made useless by the want of will.

But lo ! what shadow fills the phantom hall,
Awful and large, awhile obscuring all ;

On angry aspects bending brows of woe,
Still as a glacier over storms below ?
That front, proud STRAFFORD, needs no bauble
crown

To make it kinglier than the Stuart's frown.
How the dire genius, skill'd, alert, intent,
Speaks from each swart Italian lineament !
Some close Visconti there your search defies,
In the cold gloom of unrevealing eyes ;
And the hard daring of Castrucci dwells
In scheming lips comprest as Machiavel's.

But hark ! what voice, deep-toned, and musical
With Raleigh's noble English, thrills the hall ?
Still of that voice which awed its age, one tone
Comes, sad as flutes funereal, to our own ;
When, at the last, the grand offender pleads,
Tears drown our justice and efface his deeds ;

And when poor Stuart, with his feeble "Nay,"
Signs the great life which shields his own away,
Freedom, that needs the victim, rights his shade,
And turns her axe towards him who has betray'd ;
While loyal Knighthood, half a rebel grown,
Veils its shamed eyes from Treason on a throne.

But see, where rising last on lull'd debate,
With brief discourse, in which each word has
weight,
With "brain to plan, tongue to persuade, and hand
To do all mischief,"—which can free his land,
Great HAMPDEN fills the eye!——
Oh, wise as Strafford, and as Vane sincere,
Warm without frenzy, wary without fear,
Freedom's calm champion, while in peace her
trust,
Freedom's first martyr while her war was just ;

Hadst thou but lived thine own designs to
crown!—

No! at its brightest let thy sun go down!

If Heaven in thee had view'd the later guide,
From Heaven's elected death had turn'd aside.

Thrice happy one! thy white name is not seen
In the red list of Bradshaw's jurymen;

Thy manhood smote not the grey crownless
head—

Thy faith forsook not the Good Cause it led—

Thy cheek flush'd not at the usurper's scoff,

When pikemen bore a people's bauble off;

Hid from thy sight the loved Republic's doom,

In courtiers crowding Cromwell's ante-room,

And Gideon-Saints, the men of Marston Moor,

Drill'd into sentries at the Brewer's door.

So pass, O pure Ideal of the free,

True star to steer by, wheresoe'er the sea,

Linking the cause that gives the world its breath—
With Cromwell's triumph? No ; with Hampden's
death.

Slow out of sight the conclave fades away,
And the last shape which doth the gaze delay,
Resting on orb and mace the large right hand,
Is yon rude sloven with the blood-stain'd band.

Wide is the void they leave as they de-
part ;
Long Freedom sleeps,—with Freedom sleeps her
art.

The grand Republic—for the million won—
Shrinks into space just large eno' for one !
Safe from wild talk, reign, lonely Cromwell,
reign !

Hath not the Lord deliver'd thee from Vane ?

What! would a Sanhedrim of Vanes appal
Less than one stranger shadow on thy wall?
Why gag the Time?—To guard with Mutes thy
life?

Safer the loud tongue than the noiseless knife:—
To still the flood that floated The Good Cause?
Or save from critics Cromwell's fame and laws?—
Vain dupe,—the stream thy genius might have led,
Stopt by thy fear, runs back to its old bed—
And the Good Cause?—is Charles on his white
horse!

And Cromwell?—lo! at Tyburn hangs a corse!
Yes, silenced long, outbreaks the Nation's voice—
“King Charles—King Charles—let all the land
rejoice!”

Sick of grim saints, short commons, and long
graces,

Welcome wild sinners, laughter, and gay faces.

France saves our monarch from that vulgar curse,
A mean dependence on his people's purse—
Charles from King Louis takes his annual fees,
Snubs rude St Stephen, and misrules at ease.
Shut up the House—can Freedom need its votes
To doom a Sidney?—or to saint an Oates?
But from the flats of that ignoble hour,
What genius lifts its lightning-shatter'd tower?
Wild as the shapes invoked by magic spell,
Dire and grotesque, behold Achitophel!
Dark convict, sear'd by History's branding curse,
And hung in chains from Dryden's lofty verse.
Yet who has pierced the labyrinth of that brain?—
Who plumb'd that genius, both so vast and
vain?—
What moved its depths?—Ambition?—Passion?—
Whim?
This day a Strafford—and the next a Pym?

Is it, in truth, as Dryden hath implied,
Was his "great wit to madness near allied?"
Accept that guess, and it explains the Man;
Reject—and solve the riddle if ye can!

But, "halting there in a wide sea of wax,"
Trusting no star, trims boasting HALIFAX;
And who so fit that fickle age to lead—
An age of doubt, a man without a creed?
Complete as Gorgias in the sophist's art—
Orator not—for orators need heart.
Note him, "of piercing wit and pregnant thought,
Endow'd by Nature, and by Learning taught
To move assemblies;"—yes, to reconcile
Patriots to place! That 'wit' had won no smile
From Marvell's lip; that 'pregnant thought' supplied
No light to Hampden; nor dispell'd in Hyde

One noble doubt,—in Vane one noble dream !
When what they are not men desire to seem,
Their praises follow him who can suggest
Smooth public pleas for private interest,
Dwarf down rude virtues with a cynic sneer,
Yet simulate their substance in veneer,
Unite extremes in this sole golden mean,—
“ ’Tis good for both *my* good should come be-
tween ;

And who with zeal sincere can raise the cry,
‘ My country thrives ’—unless he add, ‘ and I ’ ? ”

Out on the mask !—we turn a man to find,
The naked face—the honest human mind—
And hail fair SOMERS ! If some names more near
Our work-day world shine more distinctly clear,
Yet who shall tell, in glory’s luminous host,
Which are the orbs that influence earth the most ?

And every life of use so purely bright,
Beams evermore a part of the world's light ;
The air we breathe its noiseless rays suffuse,
Blent in the rainbow, nourishing the dews.

What voice now swells from Anne's Augustan
days ?

What form of beauty glows upon the gaze ?

Bright as the Greek to whom all toil was ease,
Flash'd forth the English Alcibiades.

He for whom Swift had not one cynic sneer,
Whom hardest Walpole honour'd with his fear,
Whose lost harangues a Pitt could more deplore
Than all the gaps in Greek and Roman lore,
Appalling, charming, haunting ST JOHN shone,
And stirr'd that age as Byron thrill'd our own ;
Sighing for ease, yet ever keen for strife,
Zeno's his creed, yet Aretin's his life ;

With Protean grace through every change he sports,
Now awing senates, now perplexing courts ;
A soul of flame, though both a brand and torch,
Firing the camp or dazzling from the porch.
Behold him now, not in his autumn day,
But the full flowering of his dainty May ;
Not Pope's sad friend, and soul-deceiving guide,
But the State's darling and the Church's pride.
How the fair aspect, ere a sound is heard,
Prepares the path for the melodious word ;
Mark in each gesture force with ease allied,
And manly passion with patrician pride ;
And oh, that style ! so stately, sweet, and strong,
Which, tamely read, has all the charm of song,
What must its power o'er beating hearts have been,
The genius speaking while the man was seen !
Judge it by this—behold a later time,
His party shatter'd, and its cause a crime ;

His white name blotted, his young vigour spent,
A lone grey man comes back from banishment.
Fear seized the Council; England seem'd too
weak

Against that tongue, if once allow'd to speak ;
Law ransacks all the expedients at its choice,
Restores the peer, and then proscribes his voice.
So the grand orator, his field denied,
Shrunk to a small philosopher, and died.

Dear to all classic taste that age of Anne ;
We love its poets, though their verse will scan ;
Its prose still greets us like a pleasant friend,
Though not so wise but what we comprehend—
A well-drest elegant Horatian age.
Suspend the curtain, glance along the stage ;
Who's that with timorous yet with pompous air,
Blandly reserved, and stiffly debonnair ?

HARLEY, "got up" for splendour and parade ;
And ne'er less Harley than when in brocade.

Note through the levée with a careless stride,
Parting the throng as some tough keel the tide,
With soldier bearing, yet in priestly guise,
With black brows knitted over azure eyes,
With lips that kindle from the gravest there,
The boisterous laughter which they scorn to share,
The stern, sad man who made the world so gay,
SWIFT comes—half-Rousseau and half-Rabelais.
Half-Rousseau?—yes ; for while we gaze on both,
Hating we pity, and admiring loathe ;
With varying fever-fits now glow, now freeze,
And shuddering ask, "Which genius, which dis-
ease?"

Half-Rabelais?—yes ; on crozier and on crown
Hanging wild fool-bells, jingling reverence down ;

Profaning, levelling, yet illuming earth,
Vile and sublime, the demagogue of mirth :
Power, wisdom, beauty trampled, smear'd, and
spurn'd :

What rests to admire?—the strength that over-
turn'd !

Genius permits no mortal to debase
By his own height the stature of his race ;
The crowds beneath if he with scorn surveys,
He dwarfs them not ; he does but lift their gaze.

But Swift, not now the envenom'd malcontent ;
His mind has space—its gloomy fires a vent ;
The smile, if wintry, yet plays round the sneer ;
The bright stern eye sees some cathedral near ;
And the fierce hand that warms in Harley's
clasp,
Feels at the touch a mitre in its grasp.

Break up the levée! *that* no place for friends,
Harley's gilt coach the equal pair attends—
Poet and premier take the air together,
Discussing Church and gossip, State and weather.
See, as they pass, what quaint familiar groups,
What lively Muses in what formal hoops!
See Pope's light Sappho, arm'd with pen and
fan,
This points her billetdoux, that slays her man;
While her pale poet scorn'd yet courted sighs,
And one brief folly dims those lustrous eyes.
Lo, Marlborough's duchess! welcome to her grace—
Her with the fury heart and fairy face;
Whose aim a despot's, and whose sense a doll's—
Whose pride Roxana's, and whose language Poll's.

With English humour and wild Irish heart,
See STEELE rehearse what Goldsmith made a part,

Ranging at whim from fever-heat to zero,
Now the frank rake, and now "the Christian
Hero."

Play as he will, the deuce is in the cards ;
Student at Isis, trooper in the Guards—
A brisk comedian now before the lamps,
And now—a grave Commissioner of Stamps ;
Now a church union with the Scotch his wish,
Next day, "a project for preserving fish ;"
Inventing Tatlers, scribbling a Gazette—
Ever at work, and never out of debt.
Ah ! wits, like fools, oft make their proper rods—
Where Prudence comes not, never come the gods.

But there, with step more modest and more slow,
Comes the supreme "SPECTATOR" of the show ;
Exquisite Genius, to whose chisell'd line
The ivory's polish lends the ivory's shine.

With strength so sweet, in its subdued repose,
Virgil of humorists, and Pope of prose ;
In this what dignity, in that what ease !
In both what charm !—the rarest charm, to please !

Quick glide the rest. See CIBBER has his lord ;
Were there more Cibbers, lords would be less bored !
See BERKELEY, lingering on his heavenward way,
Smooth his large front to the child-laugh of GAY ;
See peers, see princes vying for the praise
Of high-bred CONGREVE, heartless as his plays.
But wheresoe'er the eye delighted rove,
The Muse still stands beside some earthly Jove,
Fused in one air the universal powers
That light the ages, or but gild the hours.
Rank then was pleased when Wit its birthright
claim'd ;
If either cringed—not Swift, be Harley blamed.

In court, in senate, hall, and mart, and street,
Frank Genius came its fellow-chiefs to meet—
Pleasure itself seem'd dull and void of ease,
Till some bright spirit taught her how to please ;
And no Sir Plume was half so proud as when
The sylph politely shaped him to a pen.

But all too long a truant from my theme,
I mark the sparkles, not pursue the stream.
Now comes the Man who has for verse no ear,
For lore no reverence, and for wit no fear ;
Burly and bluff, in St John's vacant place,
The land's new leader lifts his jovial face.
Alas ! poor Nine—a dreary time for you !
King George the First, Sir ROBERT WALPOLE too !
Sir Robert waits ;—those shrewd coarse features
scan,
How strong the sense, how English is the man !—

English, if left to all plain sense bestows,
And stripp'd of all that Man to genius owes.
He sets no flowers, but each dry stubble gleans—
Satesman in ends, but huxter in the means—
Boldly he nears his hacks, extends the chaff,
And flings the halter with an ostler's laugh.
Corruptly frank, he buys or bullies all,
And is what placemen style "the practical."
Is this man eloquent? The man creates
New ground, now ours—the level of debates.
Eloquent?—Yes, in parliamentary sense,
The skilful scorn of what seems eloquence ;
Adroit, familiar, fluent, easy, free,
And each quick point as quick to seize as see ;
Shielding the friend, but covering from the foe,
And ne'er above his audience nor below :
Arm'd in finance, blow up with facts the speech,
And rows of figures bristle in the breach.

Soft in his tones, seductive in his sighs,
When doom'd to take "a vote upon supplies;"
At times a proser, at no time a prater,
And six feet high—in short, a great debater.
And is that all?—Nay, truth must grant much more;
The bluff old Whig was Briton to the core.
With this strong purpose, whatsoe'er he plann'd,
To save from Pope and Papist kings the land.
His heart was mild; it slew not, nor proscribed;
His tenets loose; in clemency he bribed.
A town conspires in secret:—he sends down
Cannon—tut! candidates to buy the town.
Sly Jesuits have a senator misled,
He hints a pension, and he saves a head.
While since adventure outlets must obtain,
In closing war he frees the roads to gain;
Shows teeming marts, and says to Hope, "Behold,
'Tis Peace that guards the avenues to gold."

So blent with good and evil all the springs
Which move in states the wheels of human things,
That, though the truth must be with pain con-
fest,

Men not too good may suit mankind the best :
So leave Sir Robert " button'd to the chin,
Broadcloth without, and a warm heart within,"
To tax, to bribe, to coax the public weal
From foreign standards and fraternal steel.

Far livelier wit, which malice more refines,
Words better minted, and from wealthier mines,
More warmth with dignity, more force with grace,
Rank PULTENEY loftier—loftier, till in place.
His art attack, success his genius ends ;
Yield him the fort—he's lost when he defends.
Yet none so boldly rush'd upon the wall,
And none so stoutly sapp'd it to its fall ;

And none e'er wielded with so keen a fence
The poniard sarcasm lends to eloquence.
See him with Walpole singly hand to hand,
How the slight dagger foils the heavy brand ;
Sharpening to epigram each word of hate,
He shines and stabs, the Martial of debate.*

With wit as piercing, but in words more chaste,
That steal their blow, and never wound the taste,
His Thyrsus sword in classic wreaths conceal'd,
Charms and persuades Hortensian CHESTERFIELD.
Too slight to jostle with the Burghers' crowd,
With tones too well bred when the roar is loud,
Form'd for the air patrician calm affords,
He rivals Cicero when he speaks to Lords ;
Makes commerce courtier-like, and Cocker clear,
And speaks of freedom like a free-born—peer.

* “ How many Martials were in Pulteney lost ! ”—POPE.

High above each in genius, lore, and fire,
With mind of muscles which no toil could tire,
With lips that seem'd like Homer's gods to quaff
From nectar-urns the unextinguish'd laugh,
Frank with the mirth of souls divinely strong,
CARTERET'S large presence floats from out the
throng.

What earlier school this grand comedian rear'd?
His first essays no crowds less courtly cheer'd.
From learnèd closets came a sauntering sage,
Yawn'd, smiled, and spoke, and took by storm the
age :

Who that can hear him, and on business, speak,
Would dream he lunch'd with BENTLEY upon Greek,
And will to-night with Hutcheson regale on
The feast of Reason in the tough To Kalon.
With what rich spoils the full life overflows ;
His genius gilds, because his nature glows ;

Call it not versatile, but, like the sun,
Fix'd and the same whate'er it beams upon ;
Fix'd and the same not less because it calls
Colour from things on which, as light, it falls.

Pass by the lesser, not inglorious host ;
Awed, they shrink back ; arise, majestic ghost !
Lo, the great Arts' unrivall'd master one,
The mightier Father of the mighty Son !
Like hero myths before the Homeric time,
Looms the vast form—if vague, the more sublime ;
That pomp of speech but such memorial leaves,
As the gone storm with which the wave still
heaves ;

Or as, on hills remote, the cloudy wreath,
Flush'd with the giant sun that sank beneath.
Yet it is not by words that critics praise,
Nor yet by deeds which after-judgment weighs

With ounce and scruple in impartial scales,
That a great soul, like a great truth, prevails.
Apart from what is said and what is done,
There is a force by which the world is won,
Born in men's destined ruler!—Reason halts
To gauge the merits or assess the faults,
While forth unguess'd magnetic influence flows,
Attracts the followers, or unnerves the foes.

Our fathers tell us what their fathers told,
How from those lips the glorious cataract roll'd ;
And while its scorn all barrier swept away,
Each wave the roughest still flash'd back the
day.

The effect sublime ; the cause why fritter down ?
Did stage-craft teach the mode to wear the crown ?
Learn'd he from Roscius in what folds to bring
The imperial purple ?—was he less the king ?

“Actor” you call him ; yes, with inborn ease
What labour made divine Demosthenes ;
Tones with the might of music at their choice,
The front august, the eye itself a voice,
These Nature gave ; did care the rest impart,
Nature herself were chaos without art.
Was it a fault, if cowering Senates shook,
Thrill’d by a whisper, spellbound by a look ?
Or could the gesture dazzle and control,
Save as it launch’d some lightning of the
soul ?

Others take force from judgment, fancy, thought,
CHATHAM from passion ; for its voice he sought,
Sounds rolling large as waves of stormy song,
By pride made stately, but by anger strong ;
To colder lips he left the words that teach ;
He awed and crush’d — the Æschylus of
speech.

Hush ! let that form the long perspective
close,—

In marble calm the Olympian kings repose ;
Place on his throne the thunder-lord of all,
To end the vista and complete the hall ;
And as ye turn with reverent steps to tread
Galleries that niche the less majestic dead,
Retain that noble image in the heart,
And, your own selves made nobler, so depart.
Thus when the Greek, enshrined in Elis, saw
The Zeus that Phidias shaped for human awe,
The Power but bent above him from its throne
A front that lifted to the stars his own ;
Back from the shrine to active life he brought
The sacred influence in the statelier thought,
More nerved to high design and dauntless deed,
To front the Agora or repel the Mede.

PART SECOND

PART SECOND.

ERE France the last dread century closed in blood,
Gay were the portents that foretold the flood ;
Light storm-birds gladden'd in the fatal breeze,
And sportive meteors toy'd with deathful seas.
As each new surge o'er some old landmark broke,
Wit smiled, and took the deluge as a joke.*

* It is not here intended to describe the impression made upon profound thinkers, or upon pure and earnest philanthropists, by the warning signs that preceded the great French Revolution ; the lines in the text refer to the joyous levity with which those on the surface of society regarded the prognostics of the coming earthquake. The gay temper in which airy wits and young nobles introduced the grim spirit of the age as a pleasant fashion of the drawing-room, is well hit off by Count de Ségur in his *Mémoires ou Souvenirs* :—

“ Pour nous, jeune noblesse Française, sans regret pour le passé,

Vices were virtues from restraint releast,
 Proofs of the man's redemption from the priest ;
 Schools and saloons arranged one charming creed,
 For ethics, *Faublas*, and for faith, *Candide*.
 As servants who patrician place resign,
 If his mean lordship miss a score of wine,
 Or if my lady blame the zeal that fills
 With joints unstinted gaps in weekly bills,

sans inquiétude pour l'avenir, nous marchions gaiement sur un tapis de fleurs qui nous cachait un abîme. Rians frondeurs des modes anciennes, de l'orgueil féodal de nos pères, et de leurs graves étiquettes, tout ce qui était antique nous paraissait gênant et ridicule. La gravité des anciennes doctrines nous pesait, la philosophie riante de Voltaire nous entraînait en nous amusant. . . . La liberté, quelque fût son langage, nous plaisait par son courage ; l'égalité par sa commodité ! On trouve du plaisir à descendre tant qu'on croit pouvoir remonter dès qu'on le veut : et sans prévoyance nous goûtions tout à la fois les avantages du patriciat, et les douceurs d'une philosophie plebéienne. . . . On applaudissait à la cour les maximes républicaines de Brutus ; enfin on parlait d'indépendance dans les camps, de démocratie chez les nobles, de philosophie dans les bals, de morale dans les boudoirs."—*Mémoires ou Souvenirs de M. LE COMTE DE SÉGUR, de l'Académie Française, pair de France*, vol. i. pp. 26, 42, 152.

To serve some rake who scorns to overlook
A scullion's morals or a steward's book ;
So men, restrain'd the Christian code within
From the fair perquisites of pleasant sin,
Look'd for a master much too grand for all
Such paltry spyings in the servants' hall,—
Found out a thorough gentleman of Rome,
And felt with BRUTUS perfectly at home.
Slight work, though noisy, to parade him out,
Crowd at his heels, and cheer him with a shout ;
“ Freedom and Brutus—Freedom for your lives!”—
That done, they took their supper, and your
wives !

France sets the fashion to all States polite ;
England grew frisky in her own despite ;
Hampdens and Lovelaces got drunk together,
And the red cap display'd the Prince's feather.

Gay time and strange, when George the Fourth
was young,

By Gilray painted, and by Hanbury sung ;

When peers, six-bottled, talk'd as Marat wrote,

And Devon's kiss seduced a blacksmith's vote,—

Paine and Petronius equally in vogue,

Don Juan in the *rôle* of demagogue.

At home thus rear'd, in foreign parts improved,

A strong young genius gambled, drank, and
loved ;

From each rank marsh increased its native glow,

Till Fox blazed forth as England's Mirabeau.

Concede the likeness, qualified, 'tis true,

As differing climes diversify the hue ;

Each had these merits,—massive breadth of sense,

The popular might of headlong vehemence ;

The brawn and muscle both of frame and mind,

Which shoulder down the mob of humankind :

More had the Frank to dazzle and amaze,
More grand the image, more superb the phrase,
Thoughts more condensed in diction so complete,
They pass as proverbs nations still repeat.
Read what remains of Fox,—where find through
all
One perfect sentence after-times recall?
Tush!—weigh no sentence! what pervades the
whole?
Circumfluent radiance from one central soul.
Light in the Frank each prismatic tint defines,
Against the cloud the gorgeous rainbow shines;
Light in the Englishman like sunshine flows,
Nor limns to sight the hues it still bestows.
Grant that mere intellect enthralled you more
In the vast Frank; we grant it, and abhor.
Body and soul alike what stains pollute!
In brain, the god—in what remains, the brute.

The Titan type of all that curst his time,
The French Enceladon of force and crime ;
But in the Briton, if large faults you scan,
Larger than all the glorious heart of man.
His that warm genius which preserves the child—
No vizar'd falsehood in his friendship smiled—
No malice darken'd in his candid frown—
His worst offences those of half the town ;
While his free virtues are so genial made,
That love, not envy, follows as their shade ;
Softens each merit to familiar view,
“ And like the shadow proves the substance
true.”

Men live who tell us what no books can teach,
How spoke the speaker—what his style of speech.
Our Fox's voice roll'd no melodious stream—
It rose in splutter, and went off in scream.

Yet could it vary in appropriate place,
From the sharp alto to the rumbling bass.
Such sudden changes when you'd least expect,
Secured to dissonance a stage effect,
Striking you most when into talk-like ease
Slid the wild gamut down the cracking keys.
The action? what Quintilian would have shock'd;
The huge fist thunder'd, and the huge frame rock'd,
As clattering down, *immensu ore*, went
Splinters and crags of crashing argument.
Not for neat reasonings, subtle and refined,
Paused the strong logic of that rushing mind;
It tore from out the popular side of Truth
Fragments the larger because left uncouth—
Hands, if less strong, more patient than his own,
Perfect the statue, his heaved forth the stone,
And in the rock his daring chisel broke,
Hew'd the bold outlines with a hasty stroke.

But on this force, with its disdain of rule,
No safe good sense would like to found a school ;
And (drop the image) he who leads mankind,
Must seek to soothe and not to shock the mind.
The chief whose anger all the angry cheer,
Thins his own ranks—the temperate disappear ;
They shake their heads, and in a sober fright
Groan, “ What a passion he was in to-night !
Men in a passion must be in the wrong ;
And, heavens ! how dangerous when they're made
so strong ! ”

Thus is it strange, with all his genius, zeal,
Such head to argue, and such heart to feel,
That the great Whig, amidst immense applause,
Scared off his clients, and bawl'd down his cause,—
Undid Reform, by lauding revolution,
Till cobblers cried, “ God save the Constitu-
tion ! ”

Met by deserters in his own approaches,
He fled ; his followers fill'd three hackney-coaches !

Leave we the orator, but track the Man.
May clothes with bloom the orchard at St Anne ;
Under the blossoms, stirr'd by the meek wind,
See that large form so quietly reclined ;
Those black brows bent o'er Learning's calmest
tome,
That smile whose peace floods, as with sunlight,
home !
There see him taste, far from life's reek and
din,
Toil without strife, and pleasure without sin ;
Glow o'er some golden song, or pause perplex'd
By some dry scholiast or some doubtful text ;
Charm kindred ears with Attic lore and wit,
And rapt to Pindus, leave mankind to Pitt.

Beautiful picture, sweet with moral truth,
Thus how in age does genius win back youth !
To boyhood's happy tasks revert its eyes,
And con the book that made its earliest prize ;
While, howsoe'er august its fame achieved,
That charms us least which most itself deceived ;
The fiery contests, the triumphant goals,
The unfamiliar tests of troubled souls.

What charms us most in great men is to see
Their greatness doff'd, the men as we may
be—

Fox in the Senate—toil beyond our scope !
Fox at St Anne's—such leisure all may hope !
From desk, from till, the week-day wear of
mind, }
Each may relax his weary limbs, reclined
Wherever blooms the bough or plays the wind, }

Blest as the great reprieved from public gaze,
 In grassy nooks remote, on Sabbath-days.*

All that contrasted, foil'd, and undermined
 His rival chief, the younger PITT combined.
 Proud self-esteem, decorous and austere,
 Strict self-control, not Zeno's more severe ;
 Like some old Chaldee, from his Pharos high,
 O'er human errors scarcely stoop'd his eye ;
 Still on that eye shone unobserved no star,
 And still that Pharos guided fleets afar.
 From earliest youth, as one ordain'd to lead
 The solemn priesthood of an elder creed,
 Instructed duly, kept from all apart,
 No schoolboy glee relax'd his lonely heart ;

* ——— “ In remoto gramine per dies

Festos —”

HORAT., lib. ii. Carm. 111.

No ribald playground mock'd his serious air ;
Could limbs so sacred learn to "hunt the hare?"
Could hands reserved to minister the law,
Speed the light ball, or knuckle down to taw?
From birth to death, through pomp, ambition, strife,
Serenely strenuous pass'd that stately life.
Why marvel that the beardless hierarch sprung
At once to power?—the hierarch ne'er was young,]
And ne'er was old, but, dying in his prime,
Stands forth completed while vouchsafed to time.
With those he led Pitt is not to be class'd ;
His was no blind subservience to the Past.
Not Fox himself loved English freedom more :
True to her hearth, if careful of her door.
Who at the *rouge-et-noir* of Cloutz and Paine
Would risk the loss, or much desire the gain?
Freedom, that sovereign capital of Man,
In thrifty savings with our sires began ;

When times are clear and credit safe, look out,
Seek sound investments ; for increase ?—no doubt.
But dread the man, his own last farthing spent,
Who cries, “ Lend all ; I promise cent per
cent.”

Unto the Ruler, as to Jove of old,
Necessity is *Time* ; his hands may hold
The thunder or the balance, still the power
That masters even the Immortal is the Hour.
Men praise or blame in Pitt the iron will.
Well, steel, though supple, is of iron still.
Thus will in Pitt could bend to ward the stroke ;
It was by bending that it never broke.
The time explains each dazzling contradiction ;
His wish reform, his policy restriction ;
His game for Peace so wary to the last ;
His warlike vigour when the die was cast.

As veers the wind, so shifts the pilot's art ;
Who saves the ship, may well re-set the chart.

The lone proud man ! for him no Graces smiled,
No love the pause from jaded toil beguiled ;
No twilight tryst exchanged the youthful vow ;
No tender lip kiss'd trouble from that brow !

His sole Egeria (O supreme caprice !)
A crack'd, uncanny, warwitch of a Niece,
Who, at his death, found Syrian sands alone
Replace the lost grand desert she had known.
For rule in wastes by previous empire fit,
Had she not ruled a lonelier world in Pitt ?
Yet all strong natures have affections strong,
Barr'd the free vents which to man's life belong ;
Still springs well up, concentre sudden force,
And glad the waves of which they swell the
course.

These are the minds that serve some abstract creed—
The Church, Ignatius ; Fame, the Royal Swede ;
More hot the ideal, human love unknown,
As chaste Pygmalion hugg'd to life a stone.
Pitt's human passion, his ideal dream,
His soul's twin Arcady and Academe,
Was England !—Not more rooted to the deep
The stubborn isle round which the tempests sweep
Than he to England ; call him, if you will,
Too fond of power—'twas power for England still.
Through *this* he ruled ; he spoke, and *this* was
shown ;

The Laws, the Land, the Altar, and the Throne,
Mere words with others, were to him the all
Left Man to prize and strive for since the Fall.

If read the orations, and forgot the age,
Words that breathed fire are ashes on the page.

Oh to have heard them in the breathless hall,
When Europe paled before the maddening Gaul ;
When marts resounded with the trumpet's blare,
Fleets on the deep and banners in the air ;
What time the dire Religion, stripp'd of God,
Shook tower and temple to the dust she trod,
And left the ruins dark beneath the frown
Of HIM whose bolt she mimick'd and drew
down !

Then did the purpose (lost in calmer days)
Inspire with patriot life the purple phrase,
And under that stiff toga of the dead
Was heard the ringing of the Roman tread.

The very faults that later critics find
Were merits then—the unhesitating mind,
The self-reliance, lofty and severe,
That grand monotony—a soul sincere,

That scorn of fancy, that firm grasp of fact,
That dread to theorise in the hour to act,
Seem'd form'd to brave the elemental shock,
And type to England her own Ocean-rock.

The form, the voice, the bearing of the man
Became the Bayard, firm against the van
Of lances, standing on the perilous arch,
And singly staying armies in their march.
We see him still, the front with labour paled ;
The eyes that rarely glow'd, but never quail'd,
Within disease, without the host of foes ;
What grand contempt sustains that calm repose !
Gives the dread sneer that wither'd Erskine
down,
And leaves the brow scarce ruffled by its frown.
We hear the elaborate swell of that full strain
Linking long periods in completest chain ;

Staying the sense, from sentence sentence grows,
Till the last word comes clinching up the close.

To that Virgilian epic all unfit
Pindaric rage or Archilochian wit ;
Nor needs it either ! ne'er that style can pall,
Strength and majestic grace suffice for all.
Full, through the banks to weeds as flowers unknown,
That stately sameness lapses largely on.

Poor in whate'er thy Cleons, France, possessest,
The powers they fail'd in were with him the best.
Heaven unto each the opposing mission gave—
They to destroy were mighty, he to save.
If Freedom now her gradual reign extends,
And bounds to bloodless gains her loftiest ends—
If peerless, yet, our Commonwealth sublime
Sees its calm image in the glass of Time,

On which the angry States that grasp'd at more,
Dawn, and then, breath-like, vanish as before ;
Honour to him, as to the saving star !
He was, and therefore we are what we are.

Mark next the man whom genius form'd to
share

Pitt's lofty toils, and to his reign be heir :
With will as resolute, with heart as brave,
Temper more bland, and tongue more gently grave,
Tuned to a music as divinely sweet
As is the voice of Mercy: thus complete
In all the gifts that charm, instruct, and guide,
Apart from place lived WILBERFORCE, and died.)
Wherefore ? He served a cause for which the hour
Was yet unripe. *Fore-knowledge is not power.*
Rare are such souls ; least rare in England. They
Form the vast viaducts of Truth ; their way

Sweeps high o'er trodden thoroughfares ; they knit
Hill-top with hill-top ; Hopes delay'd commit
To them the conduct of each patient cause
By which advance the races. Them, applause
Spurs not, nor scorn deters ; their faith concedes
No pliant compromise with courtlier creeds ;
They cannot sit in councils that ignore
Or palter with their mission ; all their lore
Illumes one end for which strives all their will ;
Before their age they march invincible.
Oft in their lives by prosperous worldlings styled
Enthusiasts witless, or fanatics wild,
Each hour they live, their sober, serious strength
Works through Opinion its slow change ; at length
Yesterday's vain dream is to-day's clear fact
Fed from unnumber'd rills, the cataract
Splits the obstructive rock, and bursts to day,
And rainbows form their colours from its spray.

Ask you a contrast?—See it in DUNDAS,
Timing the hour as truly as its glass.
Office was made for him, and he for it ;
He felt that truth, and glued his soul to
Pitt.

No shrewder minister e'er served a throne,
Or join'd his country's interests with his own.

With more superb a dignity of mien,
More patriot show, and much more private spleen,
More stately care for what the world may say,
But just as keen for titles, place, and pay,
In arm'd neutrality the GRENVILLES stand,
And name the terms on which they'll save the
land.

All men are brethren, bound to help each other—
Gods ! how each Grenville help'd his Grenville
brother.

Who comes as one who through the starlit vine
Follow'd young Liber up the heights divine,
Inebriate not as earth's inglorious clay,
But drunk with wine as sun-flowers with the
 day ;
Imbibing light till light itself imbues
The golden leaves which glitter through the dews?
Room, room ! high place, O SHERIDAN, for thee !
Though yet below the thrones of the great Three ;
On the same dais, and crown'd with richer gems
Than sunbeams kiss on their proud diadems.

If eloquence can find its surest test
In the degree to which it thrill the breast,
And not the enduring thought, which after-calm
Retains, then thine the sceptre and the palm :
For never Fancy shot more gorgeous ray,
Nor left air duller when it died away.

He did not rule opinion, shape a creed,
Control a council, or a nation lead ;
These make the power that sage and statesman
claim,
But to the orator applause is fame.
View'd at his best, while yet the nerves were
strung,
While silvery yet the clear keen accents rung ;
While yet erect and lithe the sprightly form,
And the eye lighten'd o'er the words of storm,
What time, before Humanity arraign'd,
(Guilty of empires, though to England gain'd),
Stood the grand Verres of the East ;—not then
Had Tully's self more fired the souls of men.
Before that lengthen'd train and rapid flight
Of splendour dwindled Fox's disc of light,
And Burke's was paled ; as when the irregular
Comet shoots flaming over the fix'd star.

Seen then, heard then, what could Ambition
hope

Or States bestow, that seem'd beyond his scope?

He whose wild youth had courted Scandal's frown,

Deserved her anger, and then laugh'd it down;

He whose gay forces seem'd, if not too light,

Too laxly disciplined for serious fight;

He who had known the failure, felt the sneer,

Smit burning brows in muttering, "It is here;"—

He now one hour the acknowledged lord of all,

Hears Pitt adjourn the agitated hall,

That brain may cool, and heart forget to swell,

And dawn relax the enchanter's midnight spell.

Out upon Time! the years roll on, and lo?

The broken wand, the fallen Prospero!

O shreds and rays of that once gorgeous soul!

O priceless pearl, dissolved amidst the bowl!

Hide—hide the vision ; let our awe forbear
To note the trembling limbs, the glassy stare,—
To count the sparks which through the gathering
shade

Start from charr'd embers, gleam on wrecks, and
fade,—

To hear of bailiffs wrangling round the bed ;—
Hush, and uncover !—Homage to the dead !—

Turn, where below the gangway (as between
Tory and Whig) was NORFOLK'S athlete seen.

In him the ideal of a class we scan,
Fair England's letter'd hardy gentleman.

Easy, yet earnest ; high-bred, yet sincere ;
To mob and monarch friendly, without fear ;

Teres, rotundus—whether we admire,

The fine Greek scholar, the frank English squire ;

Now capping verse with Johnson in Bolt Court,
Now lauding bull-baits as a British sport.
Still pleasing both the rugged and refined,
The first by manhood, and the last by mind.
Such WINDHAM was ;—and where his merits halt,
Manhood or mind seems gainer by the fault.
Does some rude prejudice the smile provoke ?
How the gnarl'd fibres grace the sturdy oak !
Or is the reasoning over-subtly wrought ?
How the fine sword-play tests the sinewy thought ?

Ev'n his high tones, a chord too sharp and
keen,
Became the gesture quick and resolute mien,
As if in earnest to outclear their way,
And force on foes what truth had right to say.
Had he been born a soldier, he had fill'd
A mighty part—no strategist more skill'd,

No warier reason, and no bolder breast ;
Add knighthood's stainless honour to the rest.

Ev'n in his death as manly as in life,
He fix'd the moment for the surgeon's knife ;
Each wheel of State in cautious order set,
Lest clerks might miss what nations would regret ;
Wrote to his friends with bold accustom'd hand,
Arguing the problems that perplex'd the land ;
Struck the account that earth to heaven should
bear

His last soft thought—the heart he loved to spare ;
And, to life's partner life's dread risk unknown,
He closed the door from which there came no groan.
So, like a warrior, full of hardy life,
Smit by the bolt as victory ends the strife,
Each task completed, and each duty done,
He pass'd, in all his vigour, from the sun.

Pause for a while, and let the House adjourn—

Breathe calmer air ;—But whither shall we turn ?

To club or tavern as the whim prevails—

Nay, see Sir Joshua ; come with him to Thrale's.

There, mark yon man, large-brow'd with thoughtful frown,

Arguing with Johnson ;— Well, sir, argued down ?—

No, Boswell's glorious savage butted full,

Yet our vast boa foils his mighty bull ;

Now glides away in glittering volumes roll'd,

Now coils around in unrelenting fold.

Which shall prevail ?—the boldest wight would fear

Now to adjudge—as then to interfere.

'Twixt Burke and Johnson Jove himself is mute,

Lest earth should rise to share in the dispute.

May we untrembling in the Elysian shore,
Hear them yet arguing better than before ;
And as they glide down some ambrosial walk,
May blabbing phantoms Boswellise their talk !

Welcome associate forms where'er we turn,
Fill, Streatham's Hebé, the Johnsonian urn !
Mercurial GARRICK, hover to and fro,
Wing'd with light wit, and ever on tiptoe ;
Laid now aside the rod which souls obey,
When to the shadow-world it frees the way ;
Yet ev'n with mortals mindful of thine art,
Light'st thou on earth, it is in Sosia's part.

Apollo once, the deeds of Jove to tell,
Crack'd a dull tortoise, and then string'd its shell :
So vibrate, Boswell, with divine *afflatus*,
“ *In Jovis dapibus testudo gratus ;*”

Vow'd to Bolt Court, thine hollows feel its god,
Echo each thunder, shake with every nod.

What gaudy clown invites, yet shrinks from
note,

Like Marlow blushing in Sir Fopling's coat?
Boswell stalks by him with contemptuous strut,
Garriek smiles joyful to behold a butt;
Reynolds, half doubtful if worth while to hear,
Fidgets his trumpet as he bends his ear;
But freed from Burke, and willing to unbend,
There rolls great Johnson, and salutes a friend,
From teasing wit, and (worse) the blockhead's jest,
Shields the shy victim with his burly breast.
So huge Alcides, on his club reclin'd,
And tired of fighting monsters for mankind,
Smooths awful brows, from solemn toil beguil'd,
And rocks in fostering arms a dreaming child.—

Child, *thou*, sweet bard of Auburn!—Child! what
then?

A child inspired, and worth a world of men.
Scorn, if ye will, that wish the eye to gain;
Childhood, too loving, ever yet was vain.
Disdain that gall-less, yet resentful sigh,
When the world pass'd its gentlest minstrel by.
If *that* was envy, envy ne'er before
So much the look of wrong'd affection wore;
And ne'er did bee such golden honey bring
To ruder hands—yet, writhing, leave no sting.

Immortal conclave, Learning, Genius, Wit,
And all by stars that moved in concord lit—
Who could believe ye lived, and wrote, and thought
For that same age the schools of Diderot taught?
That Gospel truths spoke loud from Johnson's chair,
While the world's altars reel'd beneath Voltaire?

That Rousseau polish'd for the maids of Gaul
The virtuous page design'd to vitiate all,
While GOLDSMITH's Vicar tells his harmless tale,
Smiles at the hearthstone, and converts the
jail.

From that pure fount in England's Academe,
By fane and forum in expanding stream,
Went BURKE's elaborate genius, strong and free,
As are all rivers that enlarge the sea,
But swerving slant with light-retaining waves,
Where rills rush on, and dribble into caves.
From first (judged right) consistent to the close,
Could Johnson's friend abet the Saviour's foes?—
Could Thought's high-priest the Halle's wild rabble
cheer,
Or speed the cause that spawn'd a Robespierre?

No, true to Freedom when usurpers came
To blind her eyes, and govern in her name,
He wrote this truth, a guide to every time—
“They sentence freedom who unfetter crime.”
I grant that Burke not always rightly view'd
The earthquake heave of that wrong multitude ;—
Too much amidst the present ills to see
Causes long laid—results ordain'd to be ;
But poets colour all that they regard,
And among statesmen Burke stands forth the bard ;
By his own genius both obscured and fired,
At times inebriate, and at times inspired ;
Has Truth ten sides, he must invent the eleventh,
And quit the earth to gain a heaven—the seventh !

“Is it for that—(no speeches read so well)—
That when Burke spoke he was the dinner-bell ?”

Friend, if some actor murder Hamlet's part,
No line supplies the histrio's want of art—
Nay, the more beauty in the words prevail,
The more it chafes you if the utterance fail.
Shakespeare, ill-acted, do you run to hear?
And Burke, ill-spoken, would you stay to cheer?

“But what the faults that could admirers chill,
And thin the benches plain Dundas could fill?”—
Partly in matter—too intent to teach—
Too filed as essay not to flag as speech;
Too slight a fellowship with those around,
Words too ornate, and reasonings too profound;—
All this a Chatham might have brought in vogue!
Yes—but then Chatham did not speak in brogue!
A voice that made the brogue yet more dis-
please,
A loud monotony of tuneless keys;

A form, if strong, to well-bred gazers coarse,

And that fatiguing fervour—waste of force :

Join these in Burke, and add his wisdom lack'd

What most St Stephen's needs and values—tact. ✓

Still when some cause with earth's large interests

fraught,

Needed fit champion, grace gave way to thought—

Cumbrous in tilts where carpet-knights succeed, *

By well-poised lance and deftly-tutor'd steed ;

Meet but for conflict in some amplest field,

That sweep of falchion, and that breadth of shield.

Thus, spite of faults his audience least excused,

Unmoved by praise, yet writhing when abused,

Tho' stern, yet sensitive ; tho' haughty, kind ;

Proof to all storm, yet feeling every wind,

(Onward he pass'd, till at the farthest goal,

(Freed, as from matter, conquering stood the

soul.

And oh ! what sap must thro' that genius run—
What hold on earth, what yearning towards the sun,
Which, met by granite, upward eleaves its way,
And high o'er forests bathes its crest in day !

Loud as a scandal on the ears of town,
And just as brief, the orator's renown !
Year after year debaters blaze and fade—
Searce mark'd the dial ere departs the shade ;
Words die so soon when fit but to be said,
Words only live when worthy to be read.

Already Fox is silent to our age,
Burke quits the rostrum to illumine the page.
He did not waste his treasure as he went,
But hoarded wealth to pile his monument.
Now voice and manner can offend no more,
And pure from dross shines out the golden ore—

Down to oblivion sinks each rude defect,
And soars, anneal'd, the eternal intellect.

Thus is a torrent, if we stand too near,
Rough to the sight, and jarring to the ear ;
But heard afar, when dubious of the way,
In paths perplex'd where forests dim the day,
Mellow'd from every discord, o'er the ground,
As from an unseen spirit, comes the sound—
That sound the step unconsciously obeys,
And, lured to light by music, threads the maze.

PART THIRD

PART THIRD.

WHILE States yet flourish, from the soil unseen
Mounts up the sap which gives the leaf its green—
Mounts and descends through each expanding
 shoot,
And knits the soaring summit to the root.

Thus, till the life-spring of a race expires,
The land brings forth the great men it requires ;
Duly as Nature, with returning springs,
Renews the crowns of her own forest kings.

And Pitt and War are past ; a gentler time ;
Peace on the world, and CANNING in his prime.

Beautiful shape, if lesser than the men
Who overshadow'd his young growth—what then ?
Those tall old giants now were out of place—
Politer days need elegance and grace :
Of lesser stature, but of comelier form,
He rides no whirlwind, he directs no storm ;
But storms and whirlwinds are not in the air ;
Consult the glass—'Slight Changes, Showery, Fair!'
The Throne and Altar safe from Paine and Cloutz ;
In times so civil, giants would be brutes.
Though then, the Many were, in fact, the Few ;
Some 'liberal doctrines' are discuss'd, 'tis true—
Commercial Freedom,—not at once too much,
But that which Huskisson receives as such ;
Emancipation,—not as yet in reach,
But still a glorious question—for a speech ;
Reform in Parliament,—a coarse affront
To common sense—the rubbish of a Hunt :

Over such themes, all telling, urgent none,
Skimm'd with rare wit Etona's brilliant son.

Mark well his time, or else the man you wrong—
To times of danger earnest men belong :
Is the sea boisterous—must the storm be braved ?
All hands to work, the vessel shall be saved :
Are waves becalm'd—spreads tamely safe the way ?
The captain treats the sailors to a play.

Burke spoke for abstracts in the good and fit,
Fox for all humankind, for England Pitt ;
None of those causes much required defence
When Canning cull'd his flowers of eloquence ;
Each of the three had self-esteem and pride—
Canning had these, and vanity beside ;
And (though no mind less false or insincere)
Schemed for the gaze, and plotted for the cheer.

Thus while beneath a weakness which, we own,
The noblest natures have as largely known,
Courage and honour dwelt immovable,
His charming genius miss'd the master-spell—
A vague distrust pursued his glittering way,
And fear'd self-seeking in that self-display.
Ev'n in his speeches, at this distance read,
Much finely thought seems superfinely said ;
Something theatric, which the admirer damps,
Smells—of the lamp ? no, scholar ; of the lamps !

Read him not, 'tis unfair ; behold him rise ;
And hear him speak !—the House all ears and eyes ;
His one sole rival—Brongham—has just sate down,
Closing a speech that might have won the crown,
If English Members took their oaths by Styx,
And the Whig front bench were the Athenian
Pnyx ;

Canning is up! the beautiful bright face!
The front of power, the attitude of grace!
Now every gesture in decorous rest,
Now sweeps the action, now dilates the crest;
And the voice, clear as a fife's warlike thrill,
Rings through the lines, half duleet and half
shrill.

Fair was his nature, judged by its own laws;
Say it coquets to win the gaze it draws—
Views every strife in which its lance it wields
More as gay lists than solemn battle-fields—
Sports in bright pastime with its own high
powers,

And tricks out serious laurel with slight flowers;—
Granted, yet still, when candidly survey'd,
The jousting's art is not the huckster's trade;
And love of praise is not the lust of gain;
And at the worst, repeat it, he was vain.

But what rich life—what energy and glow!
Cordial to friend, and chivalrous to foe!
Concede all foibles harshness would reprove;
And what choice attributes remain to love!

See him the Arthur of his dazzling ring—
Wit's various knighthood round its poet-king;
Each from the chief, whose genius types a race,
Catching some likeness in reflected grace.
WARD, with coy genius critically fine,
Afraid to warm, yet studying rules to shine,
Neat in an eloquence of words well placed—
A trim town-garden, in the best trim taste.
GRANT, linking powers the readiest and most
rare,
With one wise preference for an easy-chair;
Deliberate HUSKISSON, with front austere
Lit into sunshine by the laugh of FRERE;

Accomplish'd WELLESLEY, equally at home
In Ind or Hellas, Westminster or Rome,
Vigorous in action, elegant in speech,
Scholar and Statesman, Lælius-like in each ;
Supreme in that which Cicero calls 'The Urbane ;'*
Graceful as Canning, and perhaps as vain.

In stalwart contrast, large of heart and frame,
Destined for power, in youth more bent on fame,
Sincere, yet deeming half the world a sham,
Mark the rude handsome manliness of LAMB !
None then foresaw his rise ; ev'n now but few
Guess right the man so many thought they knew ;
Gossip accords him attributes like these—
A sage good-humour based on love of ease,
A mind that most things undisturb'dly weigh'd,
Nor deem'd their metal worth the clink it made.

* CIC., *Brutus*, 46.

Such was the man, *in part*, to outward show ;
Another man lay coil'd from sight below—
As mystics tell us that this fleshly form
Enfolds a subtler which escapes the worm,
And is the true one which the Maker's breath
Quickened from dust, and privileged from death.
His was a restless, anxious intellect ;
Eager for truth, and pining to detect ;
Each ray of light that mind can cast on soul,
Chequering its course, or shining from its goal,
Each metaphysic doubt—each doctrine dim—
Plato or Pusey—had delight for him.
His mirth, though genial, came by fits and starts—
The man was mournful in his heart of hearts.
Oft would he sit or wander forth alone ;
Sad—why ? I know not ; was it ever known ?
Tears came with ease to those ingenuous eyes—
A verse, if noble, bade them nobly rise.

Hear him discourse, you'd think he scarcely felt ;
No heart more facile to arouse or melt ;
High as a knight's in some Castilian lay,
And tender as a sailor's in a play.

Thus was the Being with his human life
At variance—noiseless, for he veil'd the strife ;
The Being serious, gentle, shy, sincere,
The life St Stephen's, and a Court's career ;
Train'd first in salons gay with roué wits,
And light with morals the reverse of Pitt's.
As England's chief, let others judge his claim,
And strike just balance between praise and
blame ;

I from the Minister draw forth the man,
Such as I saw before his power began,
And glancing o'er the noblest of our time,
Who won the heights it wears out life to climb,

On that steep table-land which, viewed afar,
Appears so proud a neighbour of the star,
And, reach'd, presents dead levels in its rise
More dimm'd than valleys are by vapoury skies,
I mark not one concealing from mankind
A larger nature or a lovelier mind,
Or leaving safer from his own gay laugh
That faith in good which is the soul's best half.

There, form'd to please, young TEMPLE we behold—
Young for the man who never will be old—
Most graced disciple in that school of thought
And style which Canning rather led than taught ;
The Eclectic School of thought, which flirts with
many,
Too worldly-wise to wed itself to any ;
Free as it lists to differ or agree
With Locke or Leibnitz as the case may be ;

Its change no sect can inconsistent call ;
It shares with each enough to club with all.
The style—that lifts the subject into play,
Now firmly grasps it, and now jerks away :
When some keen argument would foil reply,
The fencer swerves, and lets the thrust go by—
Cries with a smile, “ But empty air you pierce,”
Turns the quick wrist, and presto ! pinks in tierce.
To school and style—to all he takes from art—
Temple adds natural charm ; he has a heart ;
He lets you mark its swell, and hear its beat ;
From yours it takes, to yours returns the heat ;
Without a mask it looks forth from his face,
Gives to each mode a vivifying grace ;
Bluster seems spirit, and a trivial jest
The cordial burst of sunshine in the breast.
Worthy of love, in him is never view'd
The statesman's vulgarest vice, ingratitude :

Whate'er the means by which he seeks his end,
He ne'er to fortune sacrificed a friend.

Behind this light group, scholarlike, yet gay,
Stands thy pale shade, mysterious CASTLEREAGH !
Note that harmonious tragic mask of face,
Rigid in marble stillness ; not a trace
In that close lip, so bland, and yet so cold—
In that smooth brow, so narrow, yet so bold,
Of fancy, passion, or the play of mind ;
But Fate has pass'd there, and has left behind
The imperial look of one who rules mankind.
They much, in truth, misjudge him, who explain
His graceless language by a witless brain.
So firm his purpose, so resolved his will,
It almost seem'd a craft to speak so ill—
As if, like Cromwell, flashing towards his end
Through cloudy verbiage none could comprehend.

Subtle and keen as some old Florentine,
And as relentless in disguised design,
But courteous with his Erin's native ease,
And strengthening sway by culturing arts that
 please ;

Stately in quiet high-bred self-esteem,
Fair as the Lovelace of a lady's dream,
Fearless in look, in thought, in word, and deed—
These gifts may fail to profit States !—Agreed ;
But when men have them, States they always
 lead.

And much in him, as Time shall melt away
The mists which dim all names too near our day,
Shall stand forth large ; far ends in Pitt's deep
 thought,

By him, if rudely, were securely wrought ;
And though, train'd early in too harsh a school,
He guess'd not how the needful bonds of rule

Become the safer when the cautious hand,
As grows a people, lets its swathes expand,
He served, confirm'd, enlarged his country's sway;
Ireland forgives him not—Three Kingdoms may.

There is an eloquence which aims at talk—
A muse, though wingèd, that prefers to walk;
Its easy graces so content the eye,
You'd fear to lose it if it sought to fly;
Light and yet vigorous, fearless yet well-bred,
As once it moved in TIERNEY'S airy tread.
Carelessly, as a wit about the town
Chats at your table some huge proser down,
He lounged into debate, just touch'd a foe,—
'Laughter and cheers'—A touch, sir? what a
blow!
Declaiming never; with a placid smile
He bids you wonder why you are so vile;

One hand politely pointing out your crime,
The other—in his pocket all the time.

Many since then affect that easy way—
The Conversational's the vogue to-day ;
But ease, the surest sign of strength in men,
Is to the oration hard as to the pen.
That talk which art as eloquence admits
Must be the talk of thinkers and of wits—
A living stream, which breaks from golden mines,
And by its overflow reveals their signs,
And not the wish-wash that, from five to eight,
Lags, in small Lethè, through the dead debate.

Who rises now, with an audacious grace ?
What tall pre-Adam of our trouser'd race,
Breech'd and top-booted,—the revered costume
Which Gilray gave our grandsires in their bloom ?

And hark ! he speaks ; you cheer him, yet you find
His dress is less old-fashion'd than his mind.
Fine, nervous, sturdy, free-born British—rant ;
Well, pass the word, some fustian, but not cant.
No new sham-bitters froth that heady scorn,
But hot old amber brew'd by Parson Horne.
Sincere if wayward, thoroughbred if bold,
Survey the well-born demagogue of old ;
Too rich to bribe, and much too proud for power,
And as to fear—a fico for the Tower !
In youth more popular than Fox ; in age,
When BURDETT spoke, few actors more the rage.
None gifted more to please the eye and ear,
The form so comely and the voice so clear.
Pitt's surly squires resign'd their port, and ran
To hear the dangerous but large-acred man ;
And trimmers shrank into yet smaller space,
Awed by such scorn of tyranny and place.

Some speak above their knowledge, some below
What Burdett knew (not much), he let you know
His speech ran over each Æolian chord,
So vaguely pleasing that it never bored.
Nor was it rude ; whatever fear it woke
In breasts patrician, a patrician spoke ;
And if no letter'd stores it could display,
Still over letters it would pause and play,
Surprise an elegance, conceive a trope,
And pose logicians with a line from Pope.

Or young or old, no patriot more alone—
Whigs claim him not, and Radicals disown.
Ye modern liberal Benthamitic crew,
Nought had that Gracchus in top-boots with
you !
Talk not to him of moral revolutions,
Of normal schools, mechanics' institutions ;

The heads of valiant freemen should be thick—
Your puny scholar scarce can stand a brick.
Talk not of means against intimidation,
And secret votes to womanise the nation ;
Freemen are those who, every threat defying,
Fight to the poll while cabbage-stalks are flying.

With what amaze the stout old rebel saw
His Irish rival break, yet shirk, the law,
All patriot rules portentously reverse,
Turn Freedom's cap into Fortunio's purse !
Bid Mike and Paddy, much bewilder'd, know
“ Who would be free, themselves must strike the
blow :

Your pence to-day, your liberties next year,
Erin-go-bragh !—I thank you for that cheer ;”
The bargain struck ; if aught remains to strike,
The blow descends on Paddy and on Mike ;

Ev'n thus a chess king, castled in his nook,
Plays out his pawns and skulks behind a rook.

The Briton saw, and felt his hour was come ;
His stout heart quail'd, his manly voice was dumb ;
And as old Cleon, in the Athenian play,
Snubb'd by the sausage-vendor, skulks away,
Sir Francis left the Demus he had led,
And Whigs install'd the sausage-man instead.
Peace to his memory! grant him rash and vain,
'Twas the heart's blood that rose to clog the
brain ;

No trading demagogue, in him we scan
That pith of nations, the bold natural man,
Whose will may vibrate as the pulses throb,
Now scare a monarch, now defy a mob ;
Dauntless alike to prop the State or shock,
To fire the Capitol or leap the Rock.

But not to Erin's coarser chief deny,
Large if his faults, Time's large apology;
Child of a land that ne'er had known repose,
Our rights and blessings, Ireland's wrongs and woes;
Hate, at St Omer's into caution drill'd,
In Dublin law-courts subtilised and skill'd;
Hate in the man, whatever else appear
Fickle or false, was steadfast and sincere.
But with that hate a nobler passion dwelt—
To hate the Saxon was to love the Celt.
Had that fierce railer sprung from English sires,
His creed a Protestant's, his birth a squire's,
No blander Pollio whom our Bar affords,
Had graced the woolsack and cajoled 'my Lords.'
Pass by his faults, his art be here allow'd,
Mighty as Chatham, give him but a crowd;
Hear him in senates, second-rate at best,
Clear in a statement, happy in a jest;

Sought he to shine, then certain to displease ;
Tawdry yet coarse-grain'd, tinsel upon frieze :
His Titan strength must touch what gave it birth ;
Hear him to mobs, and on his mother earth !

Once to my sight the giant thus was given,
Wall'd by wide air, and roof'd by boundless
heaven ;
Beneath his feet the human ocean lay,
And wave on wave flow'd into space away.
Methought no clarion could have sent its sound
Even to the centre of the hosts around ;
And as I thought rose the sonorous swell,
As from some church-tower swings the silvery bell.
Aloft and clear, from airy tide to tide,
It glided, easy as a bird may glide ;
To the last verge of that vast audience sent,
It play'd with each wild passion as it went ;

Now stir'd the uproar, now the murmur still'd,
And sobs or laughter answer'd as it will'd.

Then did I know what spells of infinite choice,
To rouse or lull, has the sweet human voice ;
Then did I seem to seize the sudden clue
To the grand troublous Life Antique—to view
Under the rock-stand of Demosthenes,
Mutable Athens heave her noisy seas.

Eno' of Cleons ; in his later day,
Instead of Pericles, accept a GREY.
O'er the strong manhood of his hardy sense
Flow'd in loose pomp a regal eloquence :
Methinks I see him yet, the stately man,
With form erect, and front Olympian ;
With the full sweep of the imperial hand,
That seem'd to stretch a sceptre o'er the land ;

And the deep quiet of those lustrous eyes,
Which lighten'd, Jove-like, but from tranquil
 skies.

Some stint large forces to a single theme—
Touch the one jet, and upwards leaps the stream ;
Turn off the tap-cock, and the stream is gone,
And where the fountain sparkled stands a stone.
Alas ! what springs of ancient inspiration
Dried in the ink that sign'd Emancipation !
There, in that Askalon of old debate,
What generous ardour and what pious hate !
There each great leader found his amplest field ;
There each crude novice learn'd his arms to wield ;
There from the Muse young RUSSELL lured away,
First dared the dragons he has lived to slay ;
There COPLEY'S pennon stream'd against the gale ;
There BROUGHAM, great Talus, plied his iron flail ;

There lighten'd HORNER'S sword, soon sheathed
for ever ;

There PEEL, decorous with his Median quiver,
Though to wound either side humanely loth,
Shot each in turn, and put an end to both.

But one there was, to whom with joint consent
All yield the crown in that high argument :
Mark where he sits ; gay flutterers round the Bar,
Gathering like moths attracted by the star ;
In vain the ballet and the ball invite,
Ev'n beaux look serious—PLUNKETT speaks to-
night.

Mark where he sits, his calm brow downward
bent,

Listening, revolving, passive, yet intent.

Revile his cause, his lips vouchsafe no sneer ;

Defend it—still from him there comes no cheer—

No sign without of what he feels or thinks,
Within, slow fires are hardening iron links.
Now one glance round, now upward turns the brow,
Hush'd every breath ; he rises—mark him now !
No grace in feature, no command in height,
Yet his whole presence fills and awes the sight ;
Wherefore ? you ask ; I can but guide your guess—
Man has no majesty like earnestness :
His that rare warmth—collected central heat—
As if he strives to check the heart's loud beat ;
Tame strong conviction and indignant zeal,
And leave you free to think as he must feel.
Tones slow, not loud, but deep-drawn from the
 breast,
Action unstudied, and at times supprest ;
But as he near'd some reasoning's massive close,
Strain'd o'er his bending head, his strong arms
 rose,

And sudden fell, as if from falsehood torn
Some grey old keystone, and hurl'd down with
scorn.

His diction that which most exalts debate,
Terse and yet smooth, not florid, yet ornate ;
Prepared enough ; long-meditated fact,
By words at will, made sinuous and compact ;
With gems the Genius of the Lamp must win,
Not scatter'd loose, but welded firmly in,
So that each ornament the most display'd
Deck'd not the sheath, but harden'd more the blade ;
Your eye scarce caught the dazzle of the show,
Ere shield and cuirass crash'd beneath the blow.

Far different he, who, in a later day,
Shot o'er those floors a sportive meteor ray,
The glittering wisp of that morass Repeal,
Delighting all, convincing no one, SHIEL.

The Kean of Orators ; with equal art

He cons a whisper and prepares a start—

What fire, what freshness !—why suspend the
praise ?

Does he believe one syllable he says ?

Perhaps ! who knows ?—it is the old debate ;

Do actors feel the rage they simulate ?

Some do, some not ; Siddons was cool enough

To pause from murder for a pinch of snuff ;

Macready's Tell shoots just above his son,

And his hand trembles when the play is done ;

But both, however moved by what they act,

Alike are honest when they come to fact ;

And so was Shiel ; or feign'd or felt his rage,

No heart more genuine beat—when off the stage.

Fancy is ever popular—all like

The sheeted flame which shines, but does not strike ;

And Shiel had these fine merits above all,
Point without sting, and satire without gall ;
A courteous irony so free from scoff,
The grateful victim felt himself let off.
Where worst O'Connell, there was Shiel the best—
He understood the audience he addrest ;
Declain'd, not bullied ; rallied, not abused,
His angriest word a Hotspur had excused.
St Stephen takes not from St Giles his art,
But is a true good gentleman at heart.

Some speakers are, who, wanting warmth or
skill,
Speak, as mere speakers (hush, a secret !), ill ;
Yet gain a station that we all revere,
Proud to possess them, tho' not pleased to hear.
All wealth is rank—all wealth of every kind ;
And these men are the millionaires of mind.

Mid such, precedence MACKINTOSH may claim ;
His style was lecture, erudite and tame ;
Polemics theorised in so dry a shape,
His kindest listeners gulp'd them with a gape ;
While, in strange contrast to the frigid sense,
The toiling gesture's random vehemence.
The chilly audience eyed the swinging arm,
And envying sigh'd, " Himself he can keep
warm."

But for the few who heard the lecture close,
No richer glebes have e'er emerged from snows ;
Each own'd his duty its reward had won,
And felt relieved to think that duty done.

Not thus MACAULAY ; in that gorgeous mind
Colour and warmth the genial light combined ;
Learning but glow'd into his large discourse,
To heat its mass and vivify its force.

The effects he studied by the words were made,
More than the art with which the words were
said.

Perhaps so great an orator was ne'er
So little of an actor ; half the care
Giv'n to the speaking which he gave the speech
Had raised his height beyond all living reach :
Ev'n as it was, a master's power he proved
In the three tests—he taught, he charm'd, he
moved.

Few compass one ; whate'er their faults may be,
Great orators alone achieve the three.

Best in his youth, when strength grew doubly
strong,
As the swift passion whirl'd its blaze along ;
In riper years his blow less sharply fell,
Looser the muscle, tho' as round its swell ;

The dithyramb sober'd to didactic flow,

And words as full of light had less of glow.

Take then his best ; and first the speaker
view,

The bold broad front paled to the scholar's
hue,

And eye abstracted in its still, clear blue.

Firm on the floor he sets his solid stand,

Rare is his gesture, scarcely moves a hand ;

Full and deep-mouth'd, as from a cave profound,

Comes his strong utterance with one burst of
sound,

Save where it splits into a strange wild key,

Like hissing winds that struggle to be free.

And at the close, the emotions, too repress

By the curb'd action, o'erfatigue the breast,

And the voice breaks upon the captive ear,

And by its failure, proves the rage sincere.

His style not essay, if you once admit
Speech as sense spoken, essay as sense writ ;*
Not essay—rather, argued declamation,
Prepared, 'tis true, but always as oration.

* However carefully prepared, Lord Macaulay's parliamentary speeches were composed as orations, not as essays. Indeed, many years ago, before he went to India, he observed to the author of the lines which render so inadequate a tribute to his honoured name, that he himself never committed to writing words intended to be spoken—upon the principle, that, in the process of writing, the turn of diction, and even the mode of argument, might lose the vivacity essential to effective oration, and, in fact, fall into *essay*. His wonderful powers of memory enabled him to compose, correct, and retain, word by word, the whole of a speech, however long, without the aid of the pen. The author does not know whether Lord Macaulay continued, at a later period, to hold a theory on oratorical composition contradicted by the practical success with which orators still more skilful, such as Lord Brougham and Mr Canning, contrived to make the parts of their speeches which had been written with great care, not only dovetail into other parts delivered extempore, but appear bursts of sudden inspiration.

It was certainly, however, the brilliant art with which his speeches were composed upon *oratorical* principles, both as to arrangement of argument and liveliness of phraseology, that gave them that prodigious effect which they (at least the earlier ones)

A royal Eloquence, that paid, in state,

A ceremonious visit to Debate.

As unlike Burke as mind could be to mind,

He took one view—the broadest sense could find—

produced upon a mixed audience, and entitles this eminent personage to the fame of a very considerable orator. I may be pardoned for insisting upon this, since in the various obituary notices of Lord Macaulay there has appeared to me a disposition to depreciate his success as an orator, while doing the amplest justice to his merits as a writer. He was certainly not a debater, nor did he ever attempt to be so; but in the higher art of sustained, elaborate oration, no man in our age has made a more vivid effect upon an audience. His whole turn of mind and of style was indeed eminently oratorical; and it might be much more correctly said of him that his essays were orations, than that his orations were essays. His chief merits, in written compositions, are those of a man who has a large and miscellaneous audience constantly in his thought. The orator must never *bore*; he must never be obscure; he must never seem hesitating in his assertions; he must not be minutely refining, nor metaphysically subtle, in his philosophical deductions;—all the knowledge he thinks fit to press into his service he must seek to render clear to the commonest understanding; all his imagination must be employed, not in creating new worlds of thought, but in bringing thoughts the most generally admitted as sound into brilliant light. The rapid style of short sentences, in bold links of sense, a quick succession of pictures, in strong out-

Never forsook it from the first to last,
And on that venture all his treasure cast.
Just as each scene throughout a drama's plan
Unfolds the purpose which the first began,
His speaking dramatised one strong plain thought,
To fuller light by each link'd sentence brought,
A home-truth deck'd—where, led but by the star,
Burke, sailing on, discover'd truths afar.
He triumph'd thus where learning fails the most,
Perplex'd no college, but harangued a host—

line and vivid colour—these, students in general would probably admit to be the elements of oratorical composition, according to classic precepts and models; and in these will be found the most striking beauties of Lord Macaulay as a writer. Were this the place or the moment, it might not be difficult to show that the marked prevalence of these dazzling and effective qualities almost necessitates the sacrifice of other merits which are foreign to the oratorical school of composition, but which have their proper place in critical essay and judicial history. But this inquiry is scarcely for our generation. The conquests of so great a genius must receive the sanction of time, before the national jealousy will permit a close survey of their boundaries.

Minds the most commonplace rejoiced to view
How much of knowledge went to things they knew.
From ground most near their own trite household
walls,

His Lamp's kind Genius raised its magic halls.

Thus much in proof of his least-granted claim,
What rests is read!—who reads will guard his
fame.

If in his writing far more than his speech
His zeal mislead us where his lore should teach,
Few can take part in England's stormy life,
Nor bound their scope to what may serve their
strife :

Nay, even the calmest schoolman rears his torch
So that its shadow dims the adverse porch.
Measured by those himself admits as tall,
Or lifts on stilts if others deem them small,

The favour'd priesthood of that famous sect,
Which, leading many, keep themselves select—
And in their porphyry chamber, I admit,
Have rear'd their own blood-royalty of wit ;—
Compared, in short, with Whigs, his chosen race,
Where amongst *them* shall we assign his place ?
In that rare gift—few gifts more rare in men—
The twofold eloquence of voice and pen,
Brougham as a speaker has more strength and
sweep,
Burke as a writer is more grave and deep ;
But Brougham, as writer, less his strength has
proved ;
And Burke, as speaker, less his audience moved :
Nor Burke nor Brougham to Whigs we wholly
cede,
For Brougham has stray'd from, Burke renounced
their creed ;

But this bright partisan was all their own,
His pomp of laurel in their soil was grown ;
To guard their strongholds he directs his toils,
And to their tombs he dedicates his spoils.
This given to party,—what to England, say,
Left to endure, when parties fade away ?—
To her young sons the model of a life,
Mild in its calm, majestic in its strife ;
To her rich language blocks of purest ore,
To her grand blazon one proud quartering more !

Happy the man revered for plain good sense,
Perhaps the sole unenvied excellence !
Dulness his wisdom, wit his worth shall own,
The first ne'er puzzled, nor the last outshone ;
Thus to his shore floats every vagrant waif,
And if but well - born, England calls him
“ safe.”

So Whig or Tory, each with pride installs
Archons in Ponsonbys and Percevals—
Leaders not brisk eno' to be unsteady,
Nor yet so slow but what they can be ready:
Such plain good sense, no sense could be more
plain,
Seem'd crown'd in person during ALTHORPE'S
reign—
A reign as sovereign both o'er dunce and wit,
As Genius gave in right divine to Pitt.
But then that sense, if plain, was wondrous good—
Precious the grain, tho' common seem'd the wood.
And, too, that sense by Fancy so undeckt,
Took a strange grace from our own charm'd respect
For the mild image of benignant worth;
Honour as true as ever said to Earth,
'Confide;' inbred urbanity as mild
As e'er disarm'd the foe on which it smil'd,

Soothing all strife, yet yielding no belief—
These were the jewels in his crown of Chief.
Long may such gifts o'er verbal arts prevail,
For in their failing England's self shall fail.

A different woof, but still of English stuff,
As plain, as honest, much more hard and rough,
In BENTINCK, dignified a style uncouth,
Made pride seem spirit, and rude language truth.
All have their dross ;—thro' his there largely ran
The genuine metal of an earnest man ;
One of those natures in which none suspect
The latent heat of heart and intellect,
Till in the atmosphere of common ire
At wrongs in common flashes out their fire,
The mass, expanding as the flames escape,
Takes from mere warmth new character, new
shape.

Thus by no selfish anger roused to strife,
The whole Man rose transform'd from his old
life;

The lounging member seldom in his place,
And then, with thoughts remote upon a race,
Stung into sympathy with others, blends
His life with theirs, and ease for ever ends.
Each task by which industrious toil supplies
What culture lacks or native bent denies,
Conscience itself imposes ;—in his creed,
Who shuns one labour is unfit to lead.



Thus, victim of his own remorseless zeal,
Life, overwound, snapt sudden at the wheel,
And the same grief which England gives the brave
Slain at their post, did homage to his grave.

To me there's something bordering on the great
In him who labours—not for self :—the State,

In its caprice, may give him no reward ;
Perhaps he bores, and is not born a lord.
The House may cough—his voice no coughs can
drown ;
Reports cut short—no Press can cut him down.
Still he toils on—for what ? To be of use,
To prune a tax, or weed up an abuse.
Each hour for rest, for home, for health to
grudge,
Unpaid, a servant, and unthank'd, a drudge ;
And his work done, sink fameless in the tomb :
Such men have worth—nine such might make
a Hume !

Tho' Bar and Senate are so near akin,
Our Senate's ear great Lawyers seldom win.
In truth, St Stephen grudges every knight
The spurs he earns in other fields of fight.

ERSKINE?—too femininely vain of fame ;

WETHERELL?—too rabid ; SCARLETT?—much too
tame.

In fine, a lawyer's copiousness is such,

Each has a something for the House too much.

Exceptions are ; rough DUNNING split the ear,

Wedged in his logic, and tore forth a cheer.

Bland MURRAY ruled their Lordships with a sway

Scarce less than Lyndhurst's lofty sense to-day.

Hush'd were the benches when, with careless ease,

With accents matchless for melodious keys,

With words the choicest, that seem strung by
chance,

COCKBURN'S frank mind reveal'd its large expanse.

Still WHITESIDE'S genius charms both foes and
friends,

So headlong force with sparkling fancy blends ;

As torrents flash the more their rush descends.

Still when CAIRNS rises, tho' at dawn of day,
The sleepers wake, and feel rejoiced to stay,
As his clear reasonings in light strength arise
Like Doric shafts admitting lucent skies.
But these are living, and their statues wait
Yet for the pedestal. Walhalla's gate
Opes only for the Dead! — What hand unknown
Shall carve for Brougham's vast image the grand
throne?

Back to our bounds!

—Who heard and can forget
Mellifluous FOLLETT? Yet I hear him—yet,
Plaintive and softly deep, his tones enthrall
Reason and heart; in later days, of all,
The Master of Persuasion. Sterner arms
He wielded not; his weapons were like charms.

Nor wit, nor passion, nor embellish'd phrase,
Nor jests that stab, nor fancies that amaze ;
But ere three words were spoken, to your soul
The irresistible enchanter stole.

One sovereign gift was his—he ruled by it ;
'Twas that which gave autocracy to Pitt—

A quick electric sympathy which ran
Thro' the whole audience forth from the whole
man ;

He seem'd in all to place an equal trust,
Justice his aim,—what Englishman not just ?
The ennobling spirit in himself appeal'd
To that true nobleness which, oft conceal'd,
Still in our Senate represents our race,
And is the guardian genius of the place.

Few, who at ease their Members' speeches read,
Guess the hard life of members who succeed ;

Pass by the waste of youthful golden days,
And the dread failure of the first essays—
Grant that the earlier steeps and sloughs are
past,

And Fame's broad highway stretches smooth at
last ;

Grant the success, and now behold the pains :
Eleven to three—Committee upon Drains !
From three to five—self-commune and a chop ;
From five to dawn, a bill to pass or stop ;
Which, stopt or pass'd, leaves England much the
same.

Alas for genius staked in such a game !
When as ' the guerdon ' in the grasp appears,
“ Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears.”

Farewell, fine humorist, finer reasoner still,
Lively as Luttrell, logical as Mill,

Lamented BULLER ; just as each new hour
Knit thy stray forces into steadfast power,
Death shut thy progress from admiring eyes,
And gave thy soul's completion to the skies ;
More richly gifted, tho' to him denied
Ev'n thine imperfect honours, WINTHROP* died ;
Died—scarce a promise of his youth redeem'd,
And never youth more bright in promise seem'd.
Granta beheld him with such loving eyes
Lift the light lance that struck at every prize ;
What the last news ?—the medal Praed has won ;
What the last joke ?—Praed's epigram or pun ;
And every week that club-room, famous then, †
Where striplings settled questions spoilt by men,
When grand MACAULAY sate triumphant down,
Heard PRAED's reply, and long'd to halve the crown.

* Winthrop Praed.

† The Union Debating Society of Cambridge.

Yet in St Stephen's this bright creature fail'd—
Yes, but o'er failure had he not prevail'd,
If his that scope in time which victory needs?
Fame is a race, he who runs on succeeds.
True in all contests—in the Senate's most;
There but small way till half a life is lost:
Long years a name the Public scarcely knows,
From roots occult unnoticed grows and grows,
Till inch by inch it widens into space,
Towers o'er the grove and suns itself—in Place.
But 'tis not only youth that dies too soon,
An eve may close regretted more than noon;
And England felt what light of temperate day
Faded from earth when PEEL had pass'd away.
“Soft,” cries a friend, “o'er smould'ring fires you go;
Describe the Orator; the Statesman—no;
Suppress his deeds—enlarge on his discourse!”
A centaur, friend, is man as well as horse;

And paint a horse as ably as you can,
It is no centaur, if you add not man.
In Peel (and thus his main success was won)
Statesman and Orator were blent in one ;
His genius, firm in each ascent it tries,
“ Like Virgil's verse, walks highest, but not
flies.”*

Powers strong by nature, and by culture skill'd,
In few more various, were in none so drill'd ;
Voice rare in volume and sonorous force,
Words free of flow as rivers in their course ;
Manner, form, feature, such as well befit
The Hall whose elders yet remember'd Pitt ;
Scholastic lore, and taste refined and pure,—
With half these gifts much smaller men secure
The fame that crowns the Orator ;—take Shiel !
Less than the Orator and more was Peel—

* COWLEY.

Perhaps his fault was want of self-escape ;
His cautious mind seem'd consciously to drape
Its formal toga round its decent shape ;
Yet in such fault, if fault it be, there lay
The subtle secret of his wondrous sway ;
Men view'd his temperance as the proof of health,
And want of show seem'd modesty in wealth.
Nor think his speech was merely prudent sense—
It had its own artistic eloquence ;
Vigorous when brief, majestic when verbose,
In statement ample, and in answer close ;
But so the speech was with the speaker blent,
That his own fame was its best ornament.
Turn to the Statesman, and in him behold
The man at once most timid and most bold ;
At each new thought he paused, and fear'd, and
trembled,
And while he doubted, to himself dissembled.

But when conviction was from doubt evolved,
It fill'd, it ruled him, and he stood resolved,
Prepared for ills the bravest dread to see,
As is the Turk for what the fates decree ;
And both their courage and its causes sum
In the same formula—"The Hour is come."

The taunt which stings the honour to the core ;
The look which says, "False friend, we trust no
more ;"

The pangs of chiefs who 'mid their foes' applause
Resign their standards and renounce their cause—
In ills like these, more bitter than the grave,
Show me a fatalist more calmly brave !
Grandeur or vileness this ?—the test is plain ;
Condemn the apostate ?—first make clear the gain.
The convert canonise ?—first prove the loss,
And show the martyr bow'd beneath the cross.

The test fails here—each loss was re-supplied,
In every shift he went with wind and tide ;
The same slow change the nation's mind had known,
And praised his wisdom to exalt its own.
But gain he could not or in power or fame—
That risk'd sincerely, this resign'd for blame ;
And in that nature, so reserved and still,
No stern self-glory cheer'd the joyless will.
The blame that reach'd him was no random thrust—
From those who launch'd, his reason felt it just ;
And the same conscience that had finely weigh'd
Each straw that turn'd the balance it obey'd,
Excused the shaft to which it lent the string,
And in excusing doubly felt the sting.
Is there no medium ? and for one who seems,
Wide tho' his space, so far from both extremes ?
Must we an image so familiar paint,
Horn'd as a fiend, or halo'd as a saint ?

Responsibility ! that heaviest word
In all our language ! the imperious lord
Of Duty, and to him who rules a State,
Strong in proportion as its slave is great ;
RESPONSIBILITY—accept that clue,
And all the maze of motive clears to view.

Take some firm patriot who can boast with truth
He ne'er has changed a dogma since his youth,
Make him First Minister, and bid him then
Deal—with dead doctrines ?—No, with living men.
Let Bright responsible for England be,
And straight in Bright a Chatham we should
see,
Improving rifles, lecturing at reviews,
And levying taxes for reforms—in screws.
Make Spooner (no man is more free from guile)
The anxious Viceroy of the Emerald Isle ;

Would Spooner be a renegade from truth
If his first words were "money for Maynooth?"

On no man living as on Peel bestow'd
This solemn burthen ; none more felt the load ;
He had not party's, he had England's trust—
When firm, she call'd him cautious ; yielding,
just.

England has ever in her secret heart
Most favour'd chiefs, who somewhat stand apart
From those they lead : let brethren love each
other,

But if too much, they may neglect their mother.
Pitt in his prime was not a party-man,
And Peel seem'd born to end as Pitt began.

The more his reasonings, in their watchful range,
Seem'd guarding outlets for prudential change,

The more scar'd followers groan'd, "Can we confide?"
The more the Public hail'd the common guide.
It liked his wealth—the wealthy want not place ;
It liked his birth—trade has its pride of race ;
It liked his sober yet imposing mien ;
It liked his life, in which no flaw was seen ;
And thus to his, as a judicial mind,
The general cause the general trust consign'd ;
From the vex'd Bar opinion snatch'd its chief,
Wrench'd from his hands each client's partial brief,
And raised the counsel of a special plea
Into the judge, whose voice was a decree.
And, in return, his conscience more and more
Revised each cause it had sustain'd before,
Till all old questions merged afresh in one,
"Should, for the good of England, *this* be done ?
If so, of all men I must do it !—why ?
Because none else could so succeed as I !"

To me, who seek to analyse, not judge,
Exempt alike from favour and from grudge—
To me, so clearly, when with care defined,
Stands forth excused his conscience-weighted mind,
That where I doubt his course, I dare not blame ;
I too am English, and my share I claim
Of our joint heirloom in his English name. }

But were the followers wrong if their belief
Clung to the cause deserted by its chief?
If loud their wrath, can honesty condemn?
Candour, absolving him, excuses them ;
And if—but peace to the old feuds !—the life
Of hate should be coeval with its strife ;
In foreign fields our lavish blood is shed ;
War ends, and vengeance sleeps beside the dead ;
Are we more generous to barbaric foes
Than to our brethren ?—does the conflict close,

And the wrath rest, when England is the field,
And the dispute—the two sides of her shield?

Fast by the Hour a veiled Future stands ;
Distrust has loosed the girdle of the lands ;
Pale, but prepared, the Isle's lone spirit sees
The waves that whiten, tho' yet mute the breeze,
And shapes her trident to her anchor :—Call
Her sons around, and let the tempest fall !
Were He still living in whose name we find
Pretexts to sever, how had he combined ?
How the vague fears that flit through common
air
Would sink confiding in his watchful care ?
How the witch Discord, muttering o'er his grave,
Would fly before his standard !—All most brave
In his mix'd nature seem'd to life to start
When England's honour roused his English heart,

And all most cautious in his English sense,
When England's safety needed sage defence.
Earth holds him not! What doth his shade
demand?

Death to each hate, that stabs the Fatherland.
Unite, unite, all ye whose interests lie
In wider lists than 'Printed Votes' supply—
Than the small issues of the glorious night,
When Noes to left outnumber Ayes to right,
And State departments see a change—of face,
And Noodle sits in what was Doodle's place.

Still in the Senate, whatsoe'er we lack,
It is not genius ;—call old giants back,
And men now living might as tall appear,
Judged by our sons, not us—*we* stand too near.
These I name not—their race is yet to run,
Huzza'd or hooted ;—my calm task is done.

Ne'er of the living can the living judge—
Too blind the affection, or too fresh the grudge ?
My aim was not the libel of the hour,
To snarl at Genius or beslaver Power.
To live is to contest : no angry breath
From this fierce world should pass the gates of Death.
True that our tenets may our judgments guide,
The calmest history has its partial side ;
But still such preference robs not him of trust
Whose main design is clearly to be just.
As schools have form'd them, artists mix their hues,
But Art is truth whatever school it choose.

I turn'd one day in musing from the page,*
Where in long order pass from age to age
The shades of Rome's great orators ; their claims
On time there only archived ; ev'n their names

* CICERO, *De Claris Oratoribus* (BRUTUS).

To us but far-off sounds : yet charms it not
To learn what voices Rome too soon forgot ?
And the thought sprung from which this verse
 has flow'd,
On our own Dead be the same dues bestow'd.

The Author's monument his book ; his stone
The Sculptor's. But the Orator whose tone
Raised up wall'd cities like Amphion's lute,
Stay'd the strong current, struck the wild winds mute,
Like bland Calliope's melodious son,
Leaves no memorial when his race is run.
As on the sands his mind impress'd a day,
As by the tides wash'd with the next away ;
The words themselves, you cry, are not effaced,
By faithful Hansard talbotyped or traced.
But what the words themselves without the sound ?
The reader yawns, the listener was spell-bound.

You close the book, you question those who heard,
Straight your eye kindles, and your pulse is stirr'd.
Describe the spokesman !—one brief outline teaches
More than yon row of Sepulchres for Speeches.

Be mine to save from what traditions glean,
Or age remembers, or ourselves have seen ;
The scatter'd relics care can yet collect,
And fix such shadows as these rhymes reflect ;
Types of the elements whose glorious strife
Form'd this free England, and still guards her life.

THE END.

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